

cymbals banged, the warriors yelled and a great battle took place—men

They were transfixed by a lightning glimpse from the enemy's eagle-eyed leader, and instantly died. It was a huge, bloody success, and was highly enjoyed by the Chinese.

Then followed a domestic drama, in which a mandarin dies on the stage. His wife's sister sets out in search of her husband, who is away in the country. She is met by a villainous fellow, who promises to lead her to her husband and sells her into slavery. She is rescued after a series of exciting adventures, including the burning of a city.

Then the guilty are punished and everybody made happy. The new attraction is a success, and Chintown is as happy as though a fresh arrival of Chinese immigrants had taken place.

or the opium market had received a knock-out blow, and the seductive drug could be bought at half rates.

DISGRACED SACRAMENTO.

What Chief Glass Saw at the State Capital.

Chief of Police Glass returned Saturday from a visit to Sacramento, San Francisco and other northern points, having accompanied his wife as far as the capital on her way to the East on a visit to her old home. The Chief was at the station yesterday, when a discussion arose over a brief extract from the Sacramento Bee, published in THE TIMES yesterday morning, in which it

was stated that visitors to the capital were robbed by notorious thieves in the daylight, and that the government raised a force for protection, charging that the police were either "standing in" with the thieves, or were wholly and criminally incompetent. The whole of the speech was so full of interesting it pretty strongly when he replied that he did not; that from what he saw, he thought it was justified by the facts, as he had never before seen such a country. He said that he had never heard he said, was in progress when he was in Sacramento, and the city was full of people. He went to the Western Hotel, where gambling was being carried on, and he saw a man who had attempted at concealment in a room adjoining the saloon and hotel

lobby, there being connecting doors with both places. Crooks, roulette, basketball, and fortune tellers were almost every gambling device known, was running, the rooms being crowded at all times. From the Western Hotel he went to the California Saloon, where he met a man named Main, who then went to the police station, where he was courteously received by the clerk in charge. While in the station, a German came in, and asked him if he had been beaten \$40 in one of the saloons. He wanted to see the Chief, but was told that that official was not visible just at that time, as he went home at 6 o'clock the afternoon before. He then went to the office until 9 o'clock in the morning, so that he would have to wait until that time.

No officer was sent to investigate the case, and when he asked if that was the way things were run, the clerk replied that "everything went during fair week." The papers, he said, "would burn them up" after the fair was closed, but at present they were not saying anything.

Chief Glass said that the state of affairs at Sacramento was well known and discussed at San Francisco and other points, but that nothing in particular was thought of it, as it was looked on as regular thing during fair week.

THE EAST SIDE.

The Auburn Postoffice, Phillips Club

Dr. Cox preached his last sermon to his congregation last evening for the conference at the Asbury M. E. Church, Santa Barbara on Tuesday to attend the annual conference.

The Asbury M. E. Church people have been somewhat concerned as to who would be selected to minister to the congregation for the next year. A

few members have busied themselves with the matter considerably in selecting for themselves a church. It is to be regretted that the church could not have been named the "Methodist Episcopal Church," but this would have required the unanimous call of the church. There are, no doubt, plenty of men in the conference who would gladly build up the church, get the people to build up the church, and get the people to build up the church, but the matter is left to a few persons to select a pastor who will preach such doctrinal points as they desire the church to accept. It is to be regretted that the church could not have been named the "Methodist Episcopal Church," but this would have required the unanimous call of the church. There are, no doubt, plenty of men in the conference who would gladly build up the church, get the people to build up the church, and get the people to build up the church, but the matter is left to a few persons to select a pastor who will preach such doctrinal points as they desire the church to accept. It is to be regretted that the church could not have been named the "Methodist Episcopal Church," but this would have required the unanimous call of the church. There are, no doubt, plenty of men in the conference who would gladly build up the church, get the people to build up the church, and get the people to build up the church, but the matter is left to a few persons to select a pastor who will preach such doctrinal points as they desire the church to accept.

order, as they are about to enlarge their scope of usefulness by introducing a new library into the neighborhood, and to include them into their circle.

The smooth-faced gentleman who was circulating a petition requesting the citizens to indorse the present electric light system with poor success, came East Side.

A gentleman who is in the habit of traveling on the Mission road, make use of this suggestion for the benefit of the electric light company, and to show that the furnaces are light at the top of the poles or furnish a lantern at the bottom for the protection of travelers who might happen to drive near the poles that obstruct the highway, as the poles are not high enough to show that there is not sufficient light to show

where the poles are located.

Printers' Protective Fraternity.
Los Angeles Printers' Protective Fraternity No. 33, met yesterday afternoon at their hall, No. 117 North Main street, and elected officers as follows: President, W. A. McDonald; vice-president, P. H. Wilson; financial secretary, F. B. Schutt; recording secretary, Eugene Basset; corresponding secretary, J. D. Ford; treasurer, W. A. Spalding; sergeant-at-arms, James C. Peacock, Jr.; trustees, H. H. Barnes, M. P. Freeby, H. B. Andrews. Seventeen new members were initiated, and other important business transacted.

A Little Political Row.
Yesterday afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, John Dowling, formerly a prominent figure in politics in San Francisco and this city, and Sam Hanks, the colored politician, got into a dispute at the corner of Main and First streets, which resulted in the men coming to blows. Dowling was under the influence of liquor at the time. Both parties were placed under arrest by Officer Steele and taken to the police station, where they were booked for fighting.

MRS. GEN. FREMONT.

he is Not in Absolute Destitution.

BUT NEEDS FINANCIAL AID.

Interview With Miss Elizabeth Benton Fremont, the "Pathfinder's" Daughter—The Condition of the Family, Etc.

For some days past there have been serious stories in circulation as to the financial condition of Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, the widow of Maj.-Gen. John C. Fremont, the first Republican candidate for President of the United States. Some persons circulated a report in San Francisco to the effect that the family of Gen. Fremont was destitute in this city. The result was that the Chronicle on Saturday morning printed the following:

Yesterday the gentlemen called at the home and told a painful story of the destitution that has fallen upon a lady who once occupied a conspicuous position in society in Washington, and whose husband and father were both largely instrumental in the development of the West during the last forty years. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont was the daughter of Senator Benton of Missouri, who served for thirty years in the United States Senate, and who did more than any other man to secure legislation opening up the wilderness that then began in the borders of old Missouri and stretched westward to the Pacific. She married Fremont when he was a young man, a surveying officer, and for nearly a half century remained his loving and devoted companion, aiding him in his literary work and frequently accompanying him on his expeditions across the plains. To her, as well as to the untiring efforts of Senator Benton, is due the fact that the gold was discovered in California, there were two good overland roads to this coast by the routes of the Union and Central Pacific roads now follow, and the her old Santa Fé trail. When her husband died in 1860, she was left a widow, during his long Senatorial career, to the policy that no honorable man could act as an attorney while in Congress, because he would be called on to vote on measures in which he had a pecuniary interest. Such scruples are called into play, and the great part of Benton's credit and they left him poor man. Fremont had no business ability, and though he had opportunities in early days to make a great fortune, he refused to do so, and when the imperial establishment of the Mariposa grant, he stood everything and was dependent for support on his army pay, and when this was stopped by his resignation he had no regular income. His last public service was as Territorial Governor of Arizona from 1880 to 1883. Since then he had no employment.

His last days he was broken in health, and few months before his death he retired on half-pay as major-general. This promise to support him and his family in comfort, but he had realized any benefit from it.

When he fell ill in New York he was making arrangements to come out to Los Angeles to live with his wife and daughter. They lived in a little cottage in Los Angeles, and while preparing to welcome him home they were stunned by the news of his death. To Mrs. Fremont, who had been her husband's constant companion for over thirty years, the news was simply overwhelming. She was a woman of 43. The general's sudden and unexpected death left them in absolute want. All that Mrs. Fremont could get from the pension of \$2000 was paid by the Senate, but still hangs fire in the House.

No stronger proof of this is needed than the fact that when the telegram came, she was in the act of writing a letter to her friends, and she was unable to do so.

In her room and household supplies, showing that the family had been counting on the general's half-pay, now cut short by death. No family was ever left more completely destitute. Mrs. Fremont has no resources, although she has two sons. One is a lieutenant in the army and the other in the navy, and both having large families and small salaries. It is impossible for them to aid their mother. Mrs. Fremont has written much for the magazines and has published a few books, but the proceeds of these are small. The "Memoirs of the general" had no success. Hence there is nothing to which the widow can look for any regular income.

Yesterday afternoon the reporter of THE TIMES called upon Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont at her residence, 517 West Twenty-third street. At the door he was greeted by a servant girl, but upon inquiry learned that Mrs. Fremont was not at home. Mrs. Fremont could receive no callers. The reporter then asked the privilege of an interview with the daughter of the lady, which was most cordially granted.

Elizabeth Benton Fremont, the daughter of "the Pathfinder," who has never married, is now 48 years of age. She is a woman who would create a favorable impression upon any one with whom she came in contact, and is a conversationalist.

The conversation directed to her by THE TIMES reporter was more particularly with reference to the statement that the family was in a state of absolute destitution. Mrs. Fremont denied this. She said that she and her mother would not starve to death tomorrow but admitted that they had no visible means of support.

Mrs. Fremont further admitted that during the lifetime of her husband he had received various large sums of money, none of which he kept, and at one time when he received \$120,000 for the Mariposa grant he had spent \$400,000 in securing a renewal of a franchise for a transportation railway. As for her brothers, John C. Fremont, Jr., and Francis Preston Fremont, Miss Fremont said:

John C. is a lieutenant in the navy. He has a wife and a family of three to support. Francis Preston is a lieutenant in the army, stationed near St. Paul. He has a wife and one child to care for. Both my mother and myself have been invited to come to the residence of both of the brothers and there remain, but we declined for the reason that the health of myself and mother is very poor and will not admit of a removal from this climate."

the business office and account for the same.

SANTA MONICA.

An Amusing Beach Incident—The Political Outlook.

SANTA MONICA, Sept. 21.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] The delightful weather drew quite a crowd to the beach, who enjoyed the day's outing immensely and the bath houses and various resorts received a due share of patronage. Quite an amusing incident occurred in the afternoon, when a lady who was fat, fair and forty, arrayed in a bathing suit that would put to shame Jacob's famous coat, through some unforeseen set of circumstances, missed her footing and quickly lay down on the sands. When she emerged from the unexpected plunge she was minus her gorgeous skirt and presented a ludicrous sight indeed as she made a home run for the bath house.

In the afternoon the crowd gathered in the vicinity of the band stand, where they listened to music by Meino Bros. band. The political pot continues to boil, and while Markham is the favorite by long odds here, yet the Democrats are active and preparing for a very aggressive campaign. They have a club organized with seventy-five members on the roll and have a meeting every Saturday. Next Saturday they propose to have a re-nomination meeting, having invited the members of the various clubs in Los Angeles to participate. Arrangements will undoubtedly be made to have a special train to accommodate the boys. As yet the Republicans have formed no club organization, which should be remedied at once. Dr. Cates of this place, who is a candidate for coroner, is making arduous canvass and if Santa Monica decided the matter, would leave only a corporal's guard for his opponent. Thos. A. Lewis is also fence-building for the Auditorship. At Los Angeles, however, while everything political is very quiet, there is a strong undertone for Markham which will astonish a few wiseacres on election day. Candidates for local offices are as thick as mushrooms after a spring rain.

Capt. C. E. Richards of the Hendrick Ice Company, spent the day here. Mrs. John Huberger, who has been here for a few days, was joined by her husband today.

Among the many who enjoyed the day here were noticed E. E. Sorabjee, F. J. Capitain, J. M. Crawley, Robert Hamilton, A. C. Day, Miss Dewey, Miss Frankfield, Samuel Meyer, Cohn, Miss Elmira, J. Stan, E. C. Smith, William Griffith of Riverside, Capt. Eugene Rudick of Downey, accompanied by his friend, W. W. Dickenson; J. H. Reynolds and family, E. L. Child and family, Karl G. Wombach, O. Morgan and family, Mr. and Mrs. Del Mar of Philadelphia, I. M. Harnet and daughter, Miss Alice Harnet of San Francisco.

B. E. Smith, Tax Collector, spent Friday evening here.

North Beach received its share of patronage today. The little girl of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Jewell, who has been very sick, is completely recovered.

Mr. Emma A. Chase, who has been very ill the past ten days, is on the convalescing list.

George Steinborn of Chicago drove a merry party down behind a banking four-in-hand. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Martin, James King and Miss Margaret Schilling, Harry Powers and Miss A. L. Hagner, and Mr. and Mrs. George Steinborn, all of the World's Fair city.

Mr. and Mrs. Steinborn, who were in the city, and returned exceedingly tired, was met on their ride from Chicago. Mr. Steinborn said that if we had such a place adjacent to the metropolis of the West we would have trains running down here every half hour and crowded every day in the year.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

Visit to the Veterans—Pay Day—Improvements.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Sept. 21.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] It is an agreeable task to describe the visits of the various women's relief corps to the Soldiers' Home. On Wednesday Mrs. President Johnson, Mrs. Bird Thomas, Mrs. Sanderson and about thirty others, representing the Stanton Relief Corps, arrived here at 11 a. m. from Los Angeles. After a course of hours devoted to inspecting the barracks, hospital, dining-hall, etc., and fraternizing with the veterans, the party adjourned to the library, where, for an hour, they entertained a large audience in music, vocal and instrumental.

I will refrain from personal mention of the charming women who sang or read to us. But the children, little Miss Hazel Baldwin as the crimped curls of her hair, and the Misses Gleason and Miss Baldwin—how heartily the old men applauded them and how richly they deserved it!

On Thursday evening, in addition to the excellent program of the home troupe, Miss and Mr. Volkman, visiting from Santa Monica, gave us some capital instrumental music, Miss Kate Hodge sang some exquisite operatic selections and Miss Eva Hodge recited "How I Love My Country" in grand style.

On Saturday we were visited by the John F. Godfrey Relief Corps of Pasadena, including Mesdames Bangham, Lacey, Parker, Bonus and ten other members of the corps, accompanied by a large party of visitors from Pasadena and Santa Monica. Mrs. Crowell, on behalf of the corps, presented the librarian with a valuable dictionary and a number of handsomely-bound books, a welcome addition to our little library.

Then there were speeches, songs and recitations. The hall could scarcely accommodate the crowd. A needed addition is contemplated. Our visitors seemed delighted with everything they saw. Everything surpassed their expectations. If the ladies derived as much pleasure from their visit as they confessed, we may expect to welcome them often.

Tuesday was the monthly pay-day. There were 150 names on the pay-roll, nearly one-third of the entire number at present. It took Maj. Erdman over two hours to pay them off, in sums ranging from \$5 to \$20.

The main water pipes have been extended from the barracks to the center of the open space lying between them and the officers' residences. A number of smaller pipes radiate from there. These are provided with upright sections, from which the water is thrown up in the air. When away being the wind it falls in miniature showers, thus irrigating a large surface. This will soon be under seed, to grass and planted with shrubs. Superintendent Goodall informs me that there are about eight acres in course of preparation for planting, which, when completed, will add greatly to the beauty of the grounds.

"Weak and weary" describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by diseases of overindulgence, by the use of the medicine, needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood and restore the appetite.

THE ELECTRIC BELT.

More Information About the Enterprise.

NAMES OF THE PROJECTORS.

A Talk With Councilman Shafer—What He Knows About the Matter—Its Financial Condition.

The article published in THE TIMES a day or two ago giving the outlines of the proposed electric belt railroad caused considerable comment, and there was at first a disposition to discredit the report, for the reason that it was not believed that a project of such magnitude could be so nearly perfected without something getting out. The published report was, however, fully substantiated, and since that time there has been a general desire for more information on the subject. Councilman Shafer, one of the members of the Board of Public Works, was seen by a TIMES reporter yesterday, and when asked if he could throw any additional light on the enterprise, replied that he thought he could, and in answer to questions, said:

"I have known for a long time that the enterprise was being considered, but I was not at liberty to give my information to the public until I saw your article Saturday. But now that the cat is out, I wish to say that as an official entrusted, in a measure, with our city's interests, and as a citizen of Los Angeles having a deep interest in her welfare, I am glad this franchise is to be asked at our hands. Our administration is making arduous canvass and if Santa Monica decided the matter, would leave only a corporal's guard for his opponent. Thos. A. Lewis is also fence-building for the Auditorship. At Los Angeles, however, while everything political is very quiet, there is a strong undertone for Markham which will astonish a few wiseacres on election day. Candidates for local offices are as thick as mushrooms after a spring rain."

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WOMAN ON HER MUSCLE.

FEMALE LABOR AS SEEN IN THE EUROPEAN FIELDS.

Mowing Looks Hard But It Is Probably Healthier Than Housework—Women Pack Carriers in Switzerland.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890—FOR THE TIMES.] HEIDELBERG, Sept. 11.—[Special Correspondence.] As the train pulled slowly on the brightest morning of the last week up the steep grade from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen a German-Swiss peasant woman carrying a basket of potatoes on her back nearly kept pace with us on the roadway which climbs parallel with the rails. The sun just beginning to peer into the deep valley struck her blue petticoat, white chemise and black bodice, and her head, covered only by braids of hair, heavy, but faded by exposure. Her face was brown like her arms bared to the elbows. The basket was large and funnel-shaped and its contents heavy, but she bent to the ascent with the long step, slow to the eye and ungraceful, but easy, of the practiced mountaineer, knitting steadily as she climbed.

"Do see the poor creature," said the British matron who was my vis-a-vis. "The women hereabouts are like so many beasts of burden, they are nothing more than slaves!"

Arrived at the station paterfamilias grapsed his alpenstock and the two girls mounted mules for the ascent of the Wengen Alp to see the Jungfrau in her majesty. Materfamilias looked at her long-suffering steed, and down at her own portly person, and heavingly sighed. "My dear person," he said, "I have permitted myself to be misled by the 'silly' substitution, but only three horses are available, and immediately available, whereupon the knitter came forward and offered herself for the vacant pole, lifting her share of the 200 pounds accumulated by a too easy life and too much novel reading, and started up the stony path with an alacrity that provoked the query why the woman who could not walk should pity the woman who could carry her."

The amount of manual labor performed by the German women is a subject of universal comment among people of other nationalities, and the related traveler is never weary of holding forth on the degradation of the sex as evidenced by the sawing and cutting of wood by women in the streets of Munich, the work of women with the pick and shovel on the roads in South Germany, the carrying of loads of muck, etc., for building, the harnessing of women with dogs in the drawing of milk carts, and other customs which appear to him strange.

Of her later life, after she had entered upon her work as a national, she was painfully anxious that not even a suspicion should sully the whiteness of her face. Her beauty, her gentle manners, her protracted prayers; her countenance of beginning all her speech with the words "In the name of God," after the fashion of the hermits; her utter fearlessness, her simplicity, and her concern for the welfare of the souls of others no less than of her own, which she was not wont to do, were all that she was a saint, a messenger of Heaven, and by Heaven endowed with miraculous gifts."

The low figures in the under-wood of Ireland are apt to be large-framed, ruddy-cheeked, dark-gowned, barefooted peasant girls, whose black head shawls hang on the hawthorn hedges while they pull the weeds from the potato hills on hands and knees instead of using tools. In the equally forsaken Scottish Highlands the tall Gals who come strolling down the hillsides at evening, each with a bushel or more of freshly cut peats in her apron, and a straggling root dug from the bog along over her shoulder, belong to the landscape, which would not be complete without them. In England the hardest and roughest lives are led by the women on the canal boats, who in point of endurance, equal or surpass all that one sees of the Swiss or Germans. On the boats that ply up and down the Thames and Lacanaisire you may find the weather-beaten face of the "master" standing in the doorway of the little square box that serves for cabin, her hand on the helm. There she remains, Sundays and week days alike, fifteen hours or more a day. The wind comes down the river, with a swoop, driving the rain in her face and blowing her coarse shawl almost off her shoulders, but she does not stir. During the dismal passage through the tunnel she is cramped into corners, and the "master," who does the smaller share of the work and takes the lion's share of the spoils, disappears, but the woman stands resolutely at the helm. Most of them were born abroad, few can read or write, and none never sees their silent, patient figures without contrasting them mentally with the gay houseboat crews and punters who look on the river's holiday side.

In France, women often take men guard the railroad crossings, raising and lowering the gates. One afternoon on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, I remember watching a woman leading a pack of sheep to the water. All the color notes about her were low-toned, from the blues and grays of her apparel to the yellow brown of her skin, and her eyes, which were like those of a cat, were fixed on the water. Not a romantic looking peasant as she bent lifting the great yellow bundles; rather one of the women of Bastien Lepege, the "honest" painter; but a would-be female Millet or second edition of Marie Bashkin seemed to have found her picturesque enough to be interesting, for an easel was planted in the shade of a straw stack, and the *chic Parisienne*, her high-heeled, ribbon-tied slippers tucked under her skirts of muslin and Valenciennes, her broad-brimmed poppy-covered hat pushed back from her forehead, was measuring the harvester against the sky with her pencil, while she sketched and ate apricots to idle away the afternoon. The Parisienne's sketch was a badish one, while the harvester's sheaves were securely bound, and yet one would rather the busy idle woman achieving a vast amount of work, than the French peasant woman on the state of the other simply doing a little of something.

When one gets into Switzerland the appellation of weaker sex as applied to women seems altogether a misnomer. In point of endurance and often even of muscular strength the peasant women of the remotest valleys appear quite the equals of the men. One sees them moving on those green, beautiful slopes over which the snow peaks tower, and a party of girls swinging the antique Swiss scythes with their straight snaths that bend the figure so cruelly cut broad even swaths with the regularity of veterans. They do not keep pace with each other across the fields—one seldom sees in the European peasant, man or woman, any pronounced signs of emulatio—they do not work with any appearance of

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The amount of manual labor performed by the German women is a subject of universal comment among people of other nationalities, and the related traveler is never weary of holding forth on the degradation of the sex as evidenced by the sawing and cutting of wood by women in the streets of Munich, the work of women with the pick and shovel on the roads in South Germany, the carrying of loads of muck, etc., for building, the harnessing of women with dogs in the drawing of milk carts, and other customs which appear to him strange.

Of her later life, after she had entered upon her work as a national, she was painfully anxious that not even a suspicion should sully the whiteness of her face. Her beauty, her gentle manners, her protracted prayers; her countenance of beginning all her speech with the words "In the name of God," after the fashion of the hermits; her utter fearlessness, her simplicity, and her concern for the welfare of the souls of others no less than of her own, which she was not wont to do, were all that she was a saint, a messenger of Heaven, and by Heaven endowed with miraculous gifts."

The low figures in the under-wood of Ireland are apt to be large-framed, ruddy-cheeked, dark-gowned, barefooted peasant girls, whose black head shawls hang on the hawthorn hedges while they pull the weeds from the potato hills on hands and knees instead of using tools. In the equally forsaken Scottish Highlands the tall Gals who come strolling down the hillsides at evening, each with a bushel or more of freshly cut peats in her apron, and a straggling root dug from the bog along over her shoulder, belong to the landscape, which would not be complete without them. In England the hardest and roughest lives are led by the women on the canal boats, who in point of endurance, equal or surpass all that one sees of the Swiss or Germans. On the boats that ply up and down the Thames and Lacanaisire you may find the weather-beaten face of the "master" standing in the doorway of the little square box that serves for cabin, her hand on the helm. There she remains, Sundays and week days alike, fifteen hours or more a day. The wind comes down the river, with a swoop, driving the rain in her face and blowing her coarse shawl almost off her shoulders, but she does not stir. During the dismal passage through the tunnel she is cramped into corners, and the "master," who does the smaller share of the work and takes the lion's share of the spoils, disappears, but the woman stands resolutely at the helm. Most of them were born abroad, few can read or write, and none never sees their silent, patient figures without contrasting them mentally with the gay houseboat crews and punters who look on the river's holiday side.

In France, women often take men guard the railroad crossings, raising and lowering the gates. One afternoon on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, I remember watching a woman leading a pack of sheep to the water. All the color notes about her were low-toned, from the blues and grays of her apparel to the yellow brown of her skin, and her eyes, which were like those of a cat, were fixed on the water. Not a romantic looking peasant as she bent lifting the great yellow bundles; rather one of the women of Bastien Lepege, the "honest" painter; but a would-be female Millet or second edition of Marie Bashkin seemed to have found her picturesque enough to be interesting, for an easel was planted in the shade of a straw stack, and the *chic Parisienne*, her high-heeled, ribbon-tied slippers tucked under her skirts of muslin and Valenciennes, her broad-brimmed poppy-covered hat pushed back from her forehead, was measuring the harvester against the sky with her pencil, while she sketched and ate apricots to idle away the afternoon. The Parisienne's sketch was a badish one, while the harvester's sheaves were securely bound, and yet one would rather the busy idle woman achieving a vast amount of work, than the French peasant woman on the state of the other simply doing a little of something.

When one gets into Switzerland the appellation of weaker sex as applied to women seems altogether a misnomer. In point of endurance and often even of muscular strength the peasant women of the remotest valleys appear quite the equals of the men. One sees them moving on those green, beautiful slopes over which the snow peaks tower, and a party of girls swinging the antique Swiss scythes with their straight snaths that bend the figure so cruelly cut broad even swaths with the regularity of veterans. They do not keep pace with each other across the fields—one seldom sees in the European peasant, man or woman, any pronounced signs of emulatio—they do not work with any appearance of

haste or conscious outflow of energy, but in slow, plodding, untrifling fashion they work hour after hour, beginning by 5:30 in the morning and turning homeward only when daylight fails.

To see the storing of hay in the Alpine chalets, is to get a new idea of the muscular power of women. The crops of the upper slope are packed in back loads to the little red brown log structures that dot the mountains as high as the cattle can find pasture, and the weight that a woman will lift on the wooden rails that are just as ready to her shoulders and with which she will climb or, which is often harder, will descend to the nearest chalet, dropping her burden through a hole in the roof from which the shingles and the heavy stones that hold them in place have been removed, is a source of perpetual wonder. When the harvest has been gathered there are back baskets of summer crops, and even the little girls not yet in their teens, climb like cats carrying their own little back baskets well loaded.

On the Lake Lucerne the boat-women are characteristic figures. The long, low, black freight barges are pulled from port to port by mixed crews of men and women, from ten to twenty to a boat, who work the heavy sweeps standing in the stern, three women keeping stroke with a dozen men, and again the proportions reversed almost exactly. In the heat of the day the men strip to their waists and the women, unless their bodies are work with bare arms and in the white peasant chemises. Occasionally one sees woman porters who pack portmanteaus and luggage of all sorts up and down the steep paths for the influx of summer visitors.

In Germany one can nowhere escape the sight of the outdoor labor of women. Along the flat valley of the Middle Rhine the vineyards, the grain fields and the beet fields are full of them. In an afternoon's ride the harvest often seems as three to two men. In these fertile lands there is a small, comfortable sign to one's eye which one might go far to find paralleled. In the fields which stretch between the huddled villages one sees whole families busy. At one end of the corn strip under a tree or a clump of bushes stands a lady in a long dress, three women keeping stroke with a dozen men, and again the proportions reversed almost exactly. In the heat of the day the men strip to their waists and the women, unless their bodies are work with bare arms and in the white peasant chemises. Occasionally one sees woman porters who pack portmanteaus and luggage of all sorts up and down the steep paths for the influx of summer visitors.

The loading of the great German hay wagons is always interesting. You will see a brown woman, her head tucked and her feet on the top of the load, distributing the forklifts as they are passed up to her. If one woman loads for one man her work is the easier, though requiring rather more skill. But, alas, when one sees one woman loads for three or four men, she has by far the hardest position. There are few evidences, indeed, of any division of work between man and woman as to the stronger and weaker animals. The physical capacity of the woman is counted on and, to all appearance, with good reason.

And is it degradation? It is a little hard to understand why this view is always taken by the American. Why shouldn't woman work in the fields? The peasants who do it have not been weakened physically and mentally by the pampering of a hothouse civilization. They are the descendants—strong and able—of the old Teuton women who plowed the field and brewed the mead and buckled on the warrior's shield and hurled big stones at the invading foe, and who when the necessity arose—would even fight and slay in defense of their homes, their honor and their country. Enter into their lives, talk with them and make them talk; then go to the women who wear themselves away in factories and behind counters, and you will find the outdoor worker far and away the healthier and happier. Not that one would advocate the return to hoe and shovel of the whole population of women. Altered times demand altered occupations, and peasant labor all over Europe is frightfully wasteful of men as well as women. Yesterday I counted sixteen men in line passing bricks from hand to hand, where an American builder would have had with half a dozen hand carriers or a single hoisting machine. Brains must do the work of fingers, but there is more of medieval clumsiness in the

"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."



This fellow lost his suit while in bathing at Santa Monica. This is the way he appeared when he called on us. When he returns home he will tell all the folks about the large invoice of new and elegant CHILDREN'S JERSEY SUITS we have just received—all new styles.

London Clothing Co.
Cor. Spring and Temple Streets.

employment of two big dogs, one woman and two boys to pull a milk cart—a mixed team often seen in Zurich—than there is of degradation. The liberties enjoyed by German women are not very wide, and that there is over much chivalry no woman who has been fostered on a German street would contend; but that the ruddy cheeked old cronies who gather grapes would be better off shut out of the sunshine is a wholly different proposition. As between the ironing table and the hay field every time. Beauty to a more than moderate degree is rare among the peasants, but they are wholesome looking. They do not lose altogether their delicacy of hand, for some of them in the long evenings of winter are famous lace makers. They give strong sons, and would give some of our daughters to other people's daughters.

ELIZA FOTMAN HEATON.

Cavaleros Negros.
LOS ANGELES, Sept. 20.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES.] I think you refer to our Democratic candidate for Congress as the black horse.

Now if I understand the term of black horse, when applied to a candidate, it is this: That when a convention has so many white horses anxious to get in the ring that they cannot get in, a black horse is ushered in by the black way. But history tells us that this convention had no horse of any kind, and that they called up their others and sent them out, as the rich man of old, when his invited guests did not come, with instructions to go out into the by-ways and hedges and bring in the first horse they could find, without any reference to color.

M. S. BAKER.

"A GROWL."

Mr. Editor: Although my taxes are small, yet they are as burdensome to me as if I paid much more. And as a taxpayer, I feel that I have a right to criticize those extravaganzas that are factors in the creation of high taxes. I have in my mind the county hospital. No law does the impecunious citizen become broken down and debilitated, than he rushes off to the hospital. Ever persistent dyspepsia and constipation are getting to be excuses for admission. Hence, allow me space to enter my feeble protest against further continuance of this pernicious practice. It costs the county many hard dollars for the treatment of every one of these unfortunate, and it is high time that they should know that they can save the county that expense, and themselves the distressing ailments, by the judicious use of a few bottles of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla, a remedy that within my observation is a sovereign cure for those too common disorders. If they won't take it they ought to be compelled to by some law that would meet the case. Under the circumstances, a full hospital is inexcusable—hence this growl.

CITIZEN.

PICTURE FRAMES,

Pasadena Edition.

BY MAIL, \$9 A YEAR.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1890.

BY CARRIER: (PER MONTH, \$3)

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A Former Pasadenaian Gathers Some Ideas Abroad.

WHAT HE SAW IN FRANCE.

Notes and Comment on Local Topics—Personal News and a Batch of Brevities.

A former resident of Pasadena, now living in Los Angeles and who has just returned from a European tour, paid a flying visit to Pasadena on Saturday. In the course of an interesting conversation with THE TIMES reporter the visitor got on his favorite topic, the public school system, and said some things which may prove interesting to our readers.

"Considering its size, no place in the State, or country for that matter, is better provided for in the way of public schools than Pasadena," he began. "You have magnificent buildings, and, from what I can learn, an efficient corps of instructors. But what we need here and all over the United States is more industrial schools."

In Paris the principal educational movement now is to organize industrial schools. I visited several of them which are models of their kind. A school of printing has been established in which that art is taught in all its branches. It is not theoretical work, but downright practical printing. The pupils are taught type-setting, lithography, wood engraving and etching. There is also a school of industrial art, where artistic, textile, metal and woodwork are taught. I also visited the school of domestic economy for girls, where they are taught by actually doing everything which pertains to housekeeping. The French government, however, is not satisfied with this, but is anxious to do more for the higher branches of education. They have erected a magnificent building for a new medical school and a school of pharmacy has been opened.

"In Holland I visited the public schools, which are models of cleanliness and order. They teach singing by note and the girls are taught sewing, knitting and embroidery. All the students are taught drawing and much attention is given to object lessons. The teachers mostly live in modest houses built on the school ground. They receive about \$300 a year salary. A notable feature about all the European schools is that they employ very few lady teachers. In Holland I saw but one lady teacher, and she taught sewing.

"The gratifying thing which the American meets in nearly all European countries is the increasing attention given to popular education. England, France and Italy are putting forth special efforts in this direction and it is only a matter of time when the United States will disappear from those countries as a backward nation. The one thing to be said in favor of the foreign schools is the effort of the state to extend education to the masses. The feature in which they are all lacking is the high school. They have no secondary school between the parochial schools and colleges. France has begun to remedy this and England is making an effort in the same direction. Our public schools are well as they are, but they would be better if more time was given to imparting knowledge in the practical trades and industries."

NOTES AND COMMENT.

The Markham club has already a large membership.

The mountain cañons proved favorite resorts for picnickers yesterday.

The fall season is upon us and business is picking up in all the avenues of trade.

With the assurance that the Spence road will run trains into town inside of sixty days, and the strong probability of work being inaugurated soon on the toll road up Mt. Wilson, Pasadena has good reason to hope for better times.

The poor condition, not to say dangerous character, of the main highway between Pasadena and Los Angeles, was forcibly illustrated Saturday night by the accident which befell Sheriff Aguirre and Under Sheriff Thornton on their way home from the mass meeting. Their buggy was overturned and Thornton badly bruised. The accident happened just this side of the river, where anyone not acquainted with the character of the road is likely to meet with a similar mishap.

The question whether too much reading of newspapers destroys a taste for books is being considerably agitated nowadays. It is interesting to note in this connection that the journalists themselves read fewer books than almost any other class of people. The journalist is necessarily a man of the world; he deals with life rather than books. He studies men and contemporary affairs, rather than printed pages. He has comparatively little use for books in his work, that is, while he is doing his work. Of course the editorial writer must be familiar with history, with the causes which have led up to the political condition of the present time. He is constantly retrospecting. The movements of the moment, however, largely absorb him, and as these movements are chronicled in the daily press he is obliged to devote himself mainly to the reading of news. It is this necessity of keeping abreast with the times which prevents many journalists from being students of books. The newspaper has evolved of late into something more than a mere vehicle for the conveyance of news to the public eye. It is invading the province which books formerly occupied alone. The representative newspapers, of which yesterday's Times is a fair sample, are every day adding to their literary features and giving to their readers opportunities of acquiring through them a fair knowledge of the best poetry now written as well as the best prose. Many people who could not be per-

suaded to read books are devoted to the perusal of the daily papers.

BREVITIES.

The overland yesterday was six hours late.

There will be a regular drill of Company B tonight.

The Wilson Peak toll road directors meet today.

A party of Pasadenaians will go to Wilson's Peak today.

The stand on Haymarket Square is splendidly lighted by electricity.

H. W. Bell's property on Orange Grove avenue is being put in fine condition.

There was a noticeable increase in the size of some of the church congregations yesterday.

Grand avenue is not in as good condition as it ought to be. There are bad ruts in places inimical to the safety of buggy springs.

The Cross road ran a special train into Los Angeles Saturday night for the accommodation of those who were present at the mass meeting.

C. M. Phillips will build a handsome residence on South Moline avenue at a cost of about \$2500. The contract has been given to Barnett & Klock.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen passed through town shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday afternoon on a special Santa Fé train, bound for the East.

An important meeting of the Markham Republican Club will be held tomorrow evening in Williams's Hall. It is desired that every member be present.

R. M. Furlong has been appointed a member of the Democratic County Executive Committee, consisting of fifteen representatives of the five supervisor districts.

An altogether trustworthy citizen says he came across Marshall McLean, B. P. Ball and a party of pronounced prohibitionists a few days ago camping in a mountain pass in dangerous proximity to a winery.

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Harris will be tendered a reception tomorrow evening at the residence of Milford Fish, on South Moline avenue. A number of prominent Pasadenaians will be present.

The following were the arrivals and departures for the past twenty-four hours:

Arrived—Sept. 20, steamer Bonita, Leland, from San Francisco and way, 23 hogs and 13 tons of powder, to S. P. Co. Sept. 20, steamer Pomona, Hall, from San Francisco and way, passengers and merchandise, to S. P. Co. Sept. 21, steamer Santa Rosa, Alexander, from San Francisco and way, 15 passengers and merchandise, to S. P. Co. Sept. 21, American ship, Glory of the Sea, Fremont, from Nansaimo, 3500 tons of coal, to S. P. Co.

Sailed—Sept. 20, steamer Bonita, Leland, to San Francisco and way, freight, to P. C. S. S. Co. Sept. 21, steamer Santa Rosa, Alexander, to San Francisco and way, passengers and merchandise, to P. C. S. S. Co. Sept. 21, steamer Pomona, Hall, to San Francisco and way, passengers and merchandise, to P. C. S. S. Co. Sept. 21, steamer Santa Rosa, Alexander, to San Francisco and way, passengers and merchandise, to P. C. S. S. Co. Sept. 21, steamer Pomona, Hall, to San Francisco and way, passengers and merchandise, to P. C. S. S. Co.

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ABOUT THE CITY.

Local Events of a Quiet Sunday Chronicled.

THE BIG TELESCOPE'S GLASS.

The Unknown Wonders it Will Reveal—Is the Moon Inhabited?—News of Religious Interest, Etc.

The glass that will be used in the telescope which the University of Southern California proposes to erect on Wilson's Peak now rests in the cellar of Alvan G. Clark's residence in Cambridge, Mass.

It measures about ten feet in circumference and three feet four inches in diameter. Although two and one-half inches thick at the center and one and one-half inches at the edge it is as transparent as a bit of thin plate glass.

The lens represents about twelve months' work already, although two or three years will be required to finish it. When it is ready for its position in the big telescope it will represent a value of from \$60,000 to \$70,000. It is now insured for large sums in two of the biggest insurance companies in Boston.

No one can tell what wonders this splendid glass will reveal. The length of the telescope cannot be decided upon until the focal power of the lens has been established, but it is estimated that it will be between fifty-six and sixty feet. Besides being an object glass it is also a photographic glass.

The largest astronomical photographic lens previously made has been but twenty-four inches in diameter, and it is expected that the present one will accomplish unheard-of triumphs in revealing the wonders of the starry firmament.

It is said that through it the moon will look as if only 100 miles away, and that if there are any cities or large buildings on its surface their presence will be revealed through its aid.

The glass, it is thought, will also settle the question as to the supposed signals of light which the inhabitants of Mars are understood to be making to the people of the earth.

It looks as if Pasadena was destined to become a great astronomical center.

PULPIT AND PEW.

Notes Pertaining to Religious Services Held Yesterday.

Rev. D. D. Hill preached yesterday evening in the First Congregational Church on "The Little Scotch weaver boy who became a hero." This was the first of a special course of Sunday evening lectures. The others will follow in this order: "Martin Luther and the Reformation," "The spider's web," "The little captive girl" and "Friendship."

Rev. Dr. Conger occupied his pulpit yesterday morning in the Universalist Church for the first time since his Alaskan trip.

Rev. Dr. Breese preached in the morning in the Methodist Church and in the evening the pulpit was filled by Rev. J. A. Wood, D. D., of Lincoln Park. This was Dr. Breese's last sermon prior to the annual church conference, which convenes in Santa Barbara today.

Elder John Hay of Pueblo, Col., preached in the Christian Church at the morning service.

An unusually interesting Y. M. C. A. meeting was held in the afternoon in Strong's Hall. There was a special song service and the lecture was by Dr. C. Sargent, assistant general secretary of the association in Milwaukee, Wis.

Plum and Noodles.

The best covering for a poultry or a mustard paste is a thin paper.

Rosa Bonheur is 67 years of age and her brush is still busy. For her last picture she received \$10,000.

No well bred person ever jeers or sneers at things which are sacred in the eyes of even the humblest person.

Providence, R. I., has a female pastor in the person of Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, who has charge of the Bell Street church.

Coffee cake should be wrapped in a napkin while warm, and then remain hot cut.

A gallon of lye put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

If any one who wears low shoes does not know the secret of keeping them tied, let me say, after trying a regular bow knot tie the bow once again. You will indeed feel thankful after trying it.

About 160 female clerks are employed by the Bank of France.

In Iowa fourteen of the state superintendents of education and four-fifths of the teachers are women.

Brush can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

If after having a tooth pulled the mouth is filled with salt and water it will allay the danger of having a hemorrhage.

For a green stain on children's clothes, while it is fresh wash it out in alcohol.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

Grateful Testimonials.

Busy Passenger (ocean grayhound)—Sign this paper, please; quick, for we are nearing the dock.

Passive Passenger—What is it?

"It's a testimonial to the captain."

"For the brave, considerate and intelligent care with which he stopped up the leaks every time we collided with icebergs, and ships and rocks and things."—New York Weekly.

Sanita.

First National Bank.

President, P. M. GREEN. Vice-President, R. F. BALL. Cashier, J. F. FARMER.

Capital paid up.....\$100,000 Surplus.....60,000

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We declare a dividend early in January and July, of each year. Its amount depends on our earnings. Five per cent. on term and from three to four on ordinary.

Remittances to all parts of the world. Letters of credit and Check Bank cheques issued to travelers.

Money to loan on mortgages. Bonds and dividend paying stocks bought and sold. Address the Bank.

MY FAITH.
Be not an anchor, oh my faith, to lie
On ocean's empty floor, dim nations deep,
Where dead, forlorn things forever sleep,
And tumb of the waves comes never nigh,
And e'en beyond the glimmers of day's great eye
Thou standest dimly clinging and keep
My boat at rest—before the self same sweep
Of well known coast, o' wharves the self same sky.
Be thou the steady loyal to thy north,
To bid my bark the utmost seas explore.
Better go down amid the tempest's roar
Than rot in last locked bays and put not forth
At hearing of the land enticing shore.
—Arthur G. Campbell in New England Magazine.

A Veteran Circusman.
James Robinson, the veteran bareback rider, whose early triumphs belong away back in the childhood of men now grizzled with years, is to be seen almost every day at Broadway.

He is a small, wiry man with thin, dark features, a little black mustache and the clearest of blue eyes. Looking at him it is difficult to recognize his almost youthful appearance with the fact that he began his career as a rider as long ago as '45.

This was almost fifty years ago, Jim, as his intimates call him, was a boy then, of course. He was apprenticed in that year to John Hansen, an old time circus man.

In that day riders used the old cruller, and boys were taught the art in a different manner from what they are now. The "mechanic," by which novices are attached to a revolving band, a rope from the beam to a stout belt around the waist supporting them as the horse makes the circuit of the ring, was not then known. Boys or girls who were ambitious to ride in spangles wore a belt to which a cord was fastened which passed through a ring in the pillion seat nearest to the hands of the ringmaster, who when he saw a beginner losing his balance pulled the cord and thus drew the rider to the horse preventing a fall. It was this way Jim Robinson learned to ride in a style and with a recklessness which soon won him the title of champion bareback rider of the world.—New York World.

Rosina Values Her Maid.
Those persons who have had the good fortune to meet the vivacious Rosina Vokma may well have the vivid impression that the actress made, the no less vivid impression that was sure to be left in the minds of those who saw her maid. This maid, who is especially devoted to her mistress, has not been liberally endowed by her Creator with those attributes that go to make up the sum of personal beauty. In fact, it is text best thing to be beautiful—being gloriously ugly.

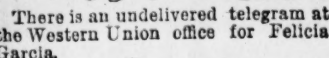
A friend relates how, during her recent tour in this country while the actress was performing in Chicago, she found herself in need of some article from the chemist across the way. It was late at night, after her return from the theatre. Hannah, the actress's maid, was asked to go and get it. But Hannah said that it was late, and she feared to go into the street alone.

She said to her mistress, "I will go with you, and I will be with you all the time." "I will be with you all the time," said Rosina, who was tired and weary.

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able at \$3, \$3.50 and \$4.

1. The average citizen justly proud

145 AND 147 NORTH MAIN STREET.

County Treasurer, Los Angeles County.

Y, | Dated Aug. 4, 1890.
